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BY W. A. LEE AND HUGH WILSON. ABBEVILLE, S. C., FRIDAY, AUGUST 8, 1868. VOLUME XVI---NO. 16.

What Style of a Man is Attractive to Women.

All men, unless there are some who have no self-respect, desire to be attractive to women, and use various means to accomplish it. One swings a cane, wears fancy neck-ties, buys the latest style of hat, whether able or not—puts his feet into thin, shiny, tight boots, and fancies, *a la* N. P. Willis, that he is winning hearts.

Another talks largely about business, *his* plans, *his* speculations, *his* travels, and *his* common sense, thinking that after he has impressed women with a sense of his greatness and their littleness, that half the victory is won.

Another raises his hat about a foot from the head on windy days, and bows his body about three feet toward the earth; rushes to pick up a handkerchief as though the fair owner was drowning and he was to save her; never speaks of any matter but what he supposes will please her, and he almost invariably supposes wrongly; puts a compliment here and there; ignores the fact that there are matters of vital interest to both as regards society, city and country, and talks of the last concert, theatre, opera and marriage. Neither sex never mention babies. It is unfashionable to speak of them, unfashionable to have them, unfashionable to be seen showing any interest in them; and, by and by, the whole thing is becoming so unfashionable, we shall not have any American children, except a few born in the extreme country or in back alleys, whose mothers did not learn the fashion in time. Nearly the whole population will be Dutch and Irish.

Another works hard all the week, boards in a cheap place that he may save five or eight dollars, spends two for a concert, three for a ride, three more for a supper, using *that* dollar he took from his employer's drawer so as to have a surplus in case of an emergency, paying all this for a girl, who, accustomed to it for a half dozen years from a half dozen sources, never expresses or feels any gratitude. He keeps his pockets full of confectionaries to be generous, and this young lady, and that, say, "Isn't it fun to ride with Smith?" but never say, "Wouldn't it be fun to get Smith for a husband?" They say, rather, "I don't believe he will support a wife very well, for he spends too much." There is much sentimental talk, and sentimental affection, and really much pure love, but young women, for the most part have, and rightly too, a "bread and butter" side of the question, and are always saying, "can he support me!"

Some men in the above way, and some in higher and better, are doing these things with one aim, viz: the admiration of society, which is to say the admiration of women. That women like some of these things is not for a moment disputed. They like a neatly kept neck, a well combed head, a good fitting boot. They like to have a man talk just enough abont himself to show that he has some sense, and some business power. They like a hat raised slightly, and a bow as though men honored the sex because they had mothers, sisters or wives. They like to have a man occasionally give them an inexpensive ride, or take them to a concert or supper, if they, by so doing, are not going beyond their means; but they never respect him for doing that. Indeed, they think men really foolish, lacking in sense and judgment, in spending so much upon them, when it should be saved for a family in the future, the head of which every man living expects some time to be. They like a man who talks to them as though they were intelligent human beings, or as though he desired to make them such; who introduces science, or art, or travel. What if they are not conversant with such matters, you cannot afford to dwarf your mind to make it companionable with theirs.

An erroneous idea has crept in society, that it is not polite to speak upon any subject with which the other is not familiar. It may be thus between men and women, but never between the sexes. Every man of observation knows that women are like children in this respect; glad to learn, proud to be made the recipients of knowledge, proud that sensible educated men take time and pains to talk with them sensibly. Men might fear that woman would feel a sense of shame at their ignorance; on the contrary, they pacify themselves by saying, "We are women, and, therefore, not expected to know such things." I was at a tea-table, where an educated young man happened to mention Cicero. The hostess, a lovely woman and excellent housekeeper, presiding with real grace at the neatest table, inquired "who?" as though the name was strange to her. He with a manly kindness, in a way that never intimated that she was ignorant, spoke of the great orator and the exciting times in which he lived and acted, and thus Roman history was made a delightful topic of conversation.

I saw the same young man talking with a famous belle. By tact he drew their remarks upon mineralogy. He told her of his cabinet and his knowledge of the science, and she, who had heretofore talked brilliant nonsense while everybody listened, was now a pleased listener, remarking to a friend, afterward, that she "admired him because he could talk sensibly." Other men could talk in the same way, but they had never used their power before her.

There are some things that women dislike. They dislike neckties of the hues of the rainbow. A plain black suits ninety-nine women out of one hundred best, because the latter gives one, to some extent, the airs of a man—the former the look of a fop. They have contempt for a man who spends more than a very small amount of time before his mirror, or takes a look at the hang of his coat, or the fit of his gloves and pantaloons as he walks down town. They can do all that is needless in that line. They expect to lean upon men, strong men; therefore, they dislike those who are obliged to lean upon canes or lamp-posts for support. Men who use canes, other than because they are decrepid, should get some nice, strong-minded woman to lean upon, whose arm they can take. It is to be hoped that employers will notice this growing weakness among young men, and give them longer noonings for rest. Women dislike smoking, notwithstanding some young ladies affect to enjoy cigar smoke, and "haven't the slightest objection" to men's smoking in their presence. All men have not learned that women can say a great many things they never mean. Women, with their tact, are about as opaque to men as smoked glass, while men with their frankness, are about as transparent to women as window panes. No clean woman would ever kiss a woman who smoked for any amount of money that might be offered her; nor would one ever kiss a man whose mouth was like a spittoon in a hotel, did not his sex shield him. Give men the same attractions, one smoking and the other not, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred she would choose for a husband the one who never used tobacco.

Women despise swearing, or vulgarity, the twin sister of profanity. No man whose lips are tarnished by such language should ever be caressed by a pure woman or by little children. Such lips, like lunar caustic, discolor all they touch. Men who tell obscene stories, or talk in innuendoes, are not worthy to be the pride or strength of any woman.

Women hate a man who drinks intoxicating liquors, whether in the shape of choice wines in dainty cut glasses, or poor brandy in earthen jugs. You will say that the scenes enacted at Saratoga this summer have given the lie to this, that drunkon women were almost as common there as drunken men. It is sadly true that some women with a desire to be brilliant before men, to be genial and friendly, with little respect for themselves, and still less for men, with light dresses and loose morals, make themselves beastlike. Much has been said about women being examples to men in this respect, but if men are the head and women are to look up to them for protection and knowledge, then they must expect that women will copy their doings. When, in thus imitating, wives shall be drunk every other night and every alternate night spend in the unhallowed embraces of some friend of their husband's men will begin to open their eyes upon the terrible wreck they are making of society to-day. It is true that wine has been offered young men by the delicate hands of women. God will never forgive such, but if men half knew their manhood they would have power to refuse, and be doubly respected. Men seem not only unable to refuse women, but unable to refuse their own sex; or, if refusing, do it with a "not this time, thank you," or "I am too busy just now;" so, living a lie, and killing their own influence over those very parties at the same time. There is some appreciation of truth and right in the world, but very little brave standing up and doing better for it. Col. Clarke, Professor of Amherst College, Massachusetts, whose name was so honorably known in the war, did a noble thing at a large dinner party given by Edward Everett. Being offered wine from that gentleman's own hand, he refused it, to the surprise and apparent indignation of all present. If it was an open rebuke to them, it was only adhering to the right! To such an act, by whomsbever performed, all women feel like kneeling.

Women dislike men who match pennies play mumble-peg and marbles (all three may be classed under the same head,) as much as men dislike women who play with rag dolls.

Women have the most thorough contempt for a man who, on any occasion that offers, tries either to caress her or slide his arm about her waist, or kiss her after he has waisted upon her home. Such a man would steal her virtue if he dared, and, in a majority of cases, goes where those things are purchased rather than stolen. I would as quickly brand as a villian a young man who took such a liberty with a sister of mine, as one who had openly insulted her. Indeed this is an open insult, and when a lady, through fear of losing his friendship, or for affection for him receives it, she inwardly ceases to respect him, saying, with truth, "if he caresses me unlawfully, he does so to all others whom he can." If a woman does allow it, she must be very verdant, or she is not to be trusted: but men have learned this, and never marry a girl they can fondle before she is their own.

Women dislike a man who pays compliment. There is a young professional Christian man not a thousand miles from Cleveland, who, though having a lovely wife, calls upon unmarried ladies, talks to them about their bright eyes, winning ways &c., thus making people believe that he is either a fool or a hypocrite. Married people cannot be too careful. If a married man wants to be thought "perfectly splendid" by all the young ladies of the town, let him be thoroughly devoted to his wife. Let them see him put a shawl about her shoulders, a scarf about her throat, bring a chair for her when she is standing, take care lest she over-exerts herself; let him make her and all others about her, feel that to him she is the one woman of the world, and they will be pointing him out as a model, and saying, as I have heard them say, "what a pity that all the nice men are married! Isn't she fortunate! I wish I could have a husband just like him."

Women *hate*, and the word is very tame, an immoral man; one who lures unsuspecting girls to ruin or one who pollutes himself with those already putrid with sin. A man who tramples on the virtue of the sex should never be allowed to touch the hand or face, or form of a pure woman. Such men are received into society by some women because they, like their brothers, like to see how near they can come to a precipice and not be dashed to pieces; but the majority receive such men into their company ignorant. They hold asps in their hands without knowing it, and are poisoned in their innocency. It is strange that such men can come before a sex whom they have foully wronged, and be as gallant as though their hand were not stained by blood, as truly as though they had put daggers in the hearts of a dozen girls. The time will come when those who bring disgrace upon families, and long-life misery upon their victims, or early deaths by attempted abortions, will be looked upon by the law as murderers, and punished accordingly. While there is no sight so beautiful in this world as a young mother caressing a lovely child, for whom a fond father labors every day, and goes home at night to clasp them both to his heart and protect them through their sleep, so there is nothing so pitiable as a young mother struggling day after day with her weak, tired hands to support her baby, feeling her own strength to it, loathed by women, jeered at by men; no father to love it or her; her prospects of a happy home and a kind husband all gone forever, just to give a season of pleasure to the wretch who spends his money freely upon fashionable young ladies, and perhaps at last, after having ruined himself mentally and physically, as well as morally, marries a good woman who bears her curse patiently for life. There are no words strong enough to express the disgust all feel for a man who, faithless to his marriage vows, comes home to his pure wife and innocent children, and receives a love he has no longer a right to claim or they a right to give. Women never marry such men if they know it, any more than good men marry bad women; and when it comes after marriage, they bear with it usually till death relieves them of their suffering.

What kind of man, then, is attractive to women?

The answer can be given in a few words: God has so made the sexes that women, like children, cling to men; lean upon them for protection, and care and love; look up to them as though they were superior in mind and body. Then make them the suns of their system, and they and their children revolve around them. Men are gods if they but knew it, and women burning incense at their shrines. Women, therefore, who have good minds and pure hearts, want *men* to lean upon. Think of their reverencing a drunkard, a liar, a fool, or a libertine!

If a man would have a woman do him homage, he must be manly in every sense; a true gentleman, not after the Chesterfield school, but polite because his heart is full of kindness to all; one who treats her with respect, even deference, because she is a woman; who never condescends to say silly things to her; who brings her up to his level if his mind is above hers; who is never over anxious to please her, but always anxious to do right; who has no time to be frivolous with her; always dignified in speech and act; who never spends too much money on her; never yields to temptation, even if she puts it in his way; who is ambitious to make his mark in the world whether she encourages him or not; who is never familiar with her to the extent of being an adopted brother or cousin; who is not overcaseful about dress; always pleasant and considerate, but always keeping his place as the man, the head, and never losing.

Such deportment, with noble principles, a good mind, energy and industry, will win any woman in the land who is worth the winning.

LONDON, July 28.—The Queen visits Paris August 5th, whence she will travel through Switzerland and Germany, returning September 1st.

From the Lutheran and Visitor.

THE FAMINE IN FINLAND.

The following affecting account of the famine in Finland is taken from a German paper and laid before our readers in the hope, that it may awaken compassion and induce many to contribute liberally for the relief of our suffering brethren, whom the Lord is sorely chastening.

A letter dated Wyberg, March 31, says: "It is impossible to describe the misery that reigns in this land. Famine and its faithful companion, typhus, rage fearfully. There are in the institution, which we established a few years ago for the benefit of unemployed laborers, fifteen hundred immigrants from the Northern part of our unhappy country; but the famine ravages also our own parish more and more, and thousands die in consequence. The sick are found in almost every farm house, entire families have died out, and the children, who survive their parents, are left to themselves. Every hospital is full. There is at present in the depot, where the sick are received, until room can be made for them in the hospital, sixty-nine persons, men, women, boys, girls, corpses sick, new-born infants, all in one room. These poor people have no attention, no medical assistance, for the physician, who attended them, died of typhus, and the time of the other doctors is fully occupied. The only one, who daily passes several hours in this infected room, is a finland minister, who with self-sacrificing love devotes himself to the afflicted. He says, that they crawl after after him to the door and take hold of his clothing, when he must leave them, and this is in the city of Wyberg, which does more, than any other, for the poor."

"All would be easier, if we had deconesses, but our letters and entreaties have been in vain. The most distressing feature is, that the unhappy sufferers from the famine become thoroughly brutalized. Their only thought is *bread*."

We have also a letter from Helsingfors dated April 2, which states that the scourge is on the increase. Until now, the people have made bread of hay, straw, pine bark, birch bark, sawdust, a. s. f, nay, they have used one-fourth flour and three-fourths clay, mixed with sand. But the last handful of flour is consumed, and there is no employment to be had. there is therefore, nothing left them but to starve, and they do starve by hundreds."

The Helsingfors *Times* contains a letter from Ruovesi, written the 23d of March, from which we make the following extract: "It is painful to see gangs of beggars of every age and sex, wan, poor, famished, often already swollen or otherwise diseased, drag themselves from house to house and grateful for a piece of bark bread, but they but seldom obtain even this, because those who formerly were well off, have now become so empoverished, that they suffer hunger, and such as are able to give, are compelled to diminish the portions, that each may receive some. But it is necessary to visit the huts of the poor to get a sight of the calamity in its most fearful aspect. There often the husband and wife are both down with the fever, lying in the only bed the house affords, and on the floor, only partially covered with a few rags lie their children in a heap, moaning and calling on father and mother, who are unable to help themselves. This is not a fancy picture, but the truth; we have seen such sights again and again. We read in a letter from the Rev. Zachris Castreen, of Pyhaegeroe, Ulcaborg District: Our benevolent government does all in human power, but the country can do nothing, as we have been visited with failures of the crops for more than a decennium. I have established a home with the money which the children of Bremen collected for the support of the starving children in Finland, in which the needy children of the congregation are instructed and occupied in useful labor until the coming of the more favorable season of the year. The few inhabitants in this parish have been necessitated to provide for 165 children, who would probably also have perished. There are, however, many other children who are in the same needy and helpless condition."

"May the Lord be merciful to us, and incline far off fellow-believers and benevolent men to help us!"

It is unnecessary to add a single word. Terrible, indeed, are the suf ferings of the poor Finlanders. The smallest contribution will afford relief. It, added to the gifts of others, *will* relieve many a sufferer, gladden many a heart, and save many a life. Let us not forget that the Finlanders were the bravest among the warriors which Gustav Adolph brought from the far North to fight the battles of the Reformation.

We will gladly receive contributions for them.

GOD'S HAND IN GEOGRAPHY.

Would you believe that a particular slope in Dakota could alter the climate of New Orleans? that a ridge in Alabama, a line of low hills in Tennessee and Kentucky, could materially affect the dynamics of the Mississippi? that a bend of the Yellowstone could, by any possibility, become an element of political economy in Louisiana, modifying the health of her people, and affecting her labor? Yet these are facts.

The inclines and sloping planes that make up the great concave of the Mississippi basin are so disposed by the Almighty Hand, that the rains and melted snows poured down from them do not reach the Lower Mississippi at the same time, but usually find their way to the sea in successive floods, the effect of the last of which is, often, not entirely lost before the autumnal rains again swell the rivers. The Red, the Arkansas, and White Rivers; first pour out their muddy contributions; then, the clear Ohio; then, the transparent Upper Mississippi; and last of all, the turbid and majestic Missouri.

But suppose great inundating waves to rush into the Mississippi, all at once, from the Red and the Arkansas, the Tennessee and the Cumberland, or, what is still worse, from the Ohio and the Missouri; the levees of Louisiana could not withstand the overwhelming floods; the Lower Mississippi would become, what it is indeed too often, an inland sea. How slight a change it would require in the beds of the Ohio and Tennessee to send their waters to the Gulf of Mexico through Alabama! How slight an elevation of the earth, also, to bring the waters of the Missouri to the Gulf through Texas! Either of which would completely change the physics and dynamics of the Lower Mississippi.

As it is, the grand *detour* of the Tennessee, from Northern Alabama to Southern Illinois, retards the floods from the southwestern Alleghanies, until those from the southeastern spurs of the Rocky Mountains have reached the sea. That still grander *detour* of the main Missouri, by which it is made to run first northward then sweep eastward, and lastly, with another magnificent curve, flow away in a southwestern direction to the Mississippi, by a route some two thousand miles longer than in a straight line from the headwaters of the Yellowstone to St. Louis, keeps back the mighty floods of the Missouri until the Ohio and the Upper Mississippi have exhausted their strength.

When all the other great tributaries of the Mississippi have spent their force—when spring and its rains are past and the summer sun blazes with intolerable heat—when water is wanted to float steamboats, barges, and flatboats, for evaporation, for rain and dew—when the navigation of the Mississippi is about to fail, and the harvests are in peril—more than twelve hundred miles of rivers and melted snows have been accumulating in this grand northern arch of the Yellowstone and Upper Missouri. At last the northernmost point is unlocked by the heat of the advancing sun, and then comes down, perhaps in May, oftener in June, and sometimes in July, but always at least forty days later than if by the valley of the Platte or the Kansas, the "June Rise" of the Missouri, "a name of grandeur, of joy, of activity, of wealth, of harvests, to all the dwellers on the stream, from the Gulf of Mexico to the far-off British line of the northwest."

As you steam up the Lower Mississippi, you would say that these bottom lands and swamps, those dank and bosky fields, were the very home of malaria—the rendezvous of miasmas. You could not be more mistaken. But for epidemics, which it is by no means impossible to avoid, New Orleans is as healthy as Boston, Louisiana as healthy as Masachusetts. Dip up a glass of water from this turbid Mississippi in the month of June, sometimes far into the month of July—it will be cool and refreshing, it was iced a few weeks ago in Dakota.

What a splendid illustration, too, the Mississippi and its tributaries afford of the eternal fitness of things, and of the law that no great human want springs into existence without the means being supplied at hand by Providence to fill it! Our ancestors had no sooner reached, in their toilsome march of civilization, the crest of the Alleghanies, than the tributaries of the Mississippi invited them to glide down to richer and broader dominions than they had ever had conception of. No sooner had Jefferson purchased the vast territory of Louisiana, than Fulton was ready with the steamboat to explore its rivers and transport to their banks a busy and enterprising population. No sooner had the wandering spirits of the old Saxons and Teutons seized upon the modern Germans and Kelts, than the open arms of the Mississippi were ready to receive them. No sooner had the remote trading posts on our western rivers grown into towns, than the vast spaces, the intervening prairies and forests, were spanned with railroads. And when men grew impatient of steam, the lightnigs of heaven became their busy messengers.—*Putnam's Magazine.*

THE SEVENTEEN YEAR LOCUSTS.

This is the year for the appearance of the famous Seventeen Year locusts in this district, and immense numbers have already emerged from their underground sfortranmation place. It is one of our most interesting insects, and excites curiosity, wherever it is seen.

There is no fact better established than that it occurs only, *in general*, every seventeen years, and hence its popular name; its scientific cognomen is *cicada septendecim*. It has no affinity with the "locust" of Scripture, that destructive animal being a grasshopper.

The development of this species of *Cicada* has been carefully observed through all its various stages and it requires that period of time to undergo its transformation, and thus requires a longer time to come to maturity, than any other insect known. There is some reason to believe, that in the South, below 33 degrees of latitude, the *cicada* appears every thirteen years, but this point has not yet been satisfactorily settled.

It is indigenous to this country, and occurs nowhere else in the world.

The head is furnished with a snout, which forms a sheath for three small hairs, which are very fine and flexible, by means of which the insect, both in the crysalis, and perfect state, takes up fluid nutritious matter from the surface of vegetable substances, and from the soil or earth. This rostrum, or beak, when not in use, lies flat on the breast, but is extended perpendicularly, when feeding. It is incapable of *penetrating* any substance, and hence could not injure any person, and the same is true of the instrument at the other end of the body of the female, as shall hereafter be shown.

The *ovipositor*, the instrument with which the female deposits her eggs, and with which she perforates the young limbs and twigs of trees and shrubs, and sometimes even hard wood, is singularly constructed. It is about ⅛ths of an inch long—the size of a small pin, flattened and somewhat spear-shaped at the point. It is attached to the under side of the body, and, when not in use, is nicely concealed in a deep fissure, that extends to the extremity of the body. It is composed of three pieces, connected together at the sides by very beautiful tongue and groove work, by means of which the two side pieces play up and down upon the centre piece, which is the ovipositor. It is extremely flexible, but, if bent too far, will break. The edges of the points or spear portions of the side pieces are serrated, and thus form *saws*, while the flattened surfaces are cut in the manner and supply the place of *rasps*. The centre piece is a tube, with two sharp protecting points above and below the orifices. The eggs are laid in the twigs of trees, after the following fashion:

The females select the green living limbs of trees and shrubs, of about the size of their own bodies. They take every kind of trees except the pine and other terebinthinate species, and it matters not how hard the wood. Having selected the twig, the insect raises her body considerably, extends the ovipositor, and presses its point against the bark, piercing it with the point of the centre piece. This puncture is large enough to admit the point of one of the side pieces, or saws, which is immediately thrust in, and a regular, quick sawing operation is commenced, until the incision is large enough to admit the other side piece, which also begins to saw, the centre piece remaining fixed, and serving as a guide. As soon as the blade part of the instrument is fairly inserted, say the 12th part of an inch in length, the insect presses upon the end of it attached to her body, and thus by the action of a lever raises the ends of the divided fibres of the wood. After considerable very curious work, which you have not room for me to specify, she reinserts the instrument to the full length, and deposits two eggs from the oviduct or centre piece. She then withdraws it, and again immediately reinserts it, depositing two more eggs. Thus she proceeds until she has deposited from ten to twenty. The eggs are uniformly set in two rows, close together. Fifteen or twenty excavations of the same kind are made on the same limb, and each female lays from four hundred to five hundred eggs. These mustard-seed-shaped eggs require over fifty days for hatching, and about that time there comes out of each a little worm with six legs, a snout, claws, and feelers. It must take food, but where will the infant worm find it? Surely not upon the tree! and its mother is not there to tell it what to do. She died long ago, and this little orphan is left to "hoe his own row," or rather, to grub out his own tunnel. Now, who tells it what to do? for we shall see it does precisely what is right. Soon after it is hatched, it falls from the limb to the ground, of its own accord, which descent does not injure it; but so soon as it reaches the earth it starts off on a short tour among the herbage and fibrous matter of the surface soil. It is blind, and we may well conceive the inutility of eyes to an insect destined to live seventeen years under ground. Nature is too economical in her favors to render such a superfluous service. It soon insinuates itself among the fibrous roots of the herbage, below the surface, upon the succulent juices of which it feeds by means of the very small hairs of the snout, wiping up the small particles of moisture, as with a brush, and thus bringing the fluid into the orifice of the tube of the snout.

It lives during the remainder of the warm season in the vegetable subsoil. On the approach of the cold season it forms around itself a cell, by cementing particles of earth together, and in this cell it remains for another season, and thus it continues from year to year. It opens its cell in summer to gain access to tender roots, each year enlarging its cell as it grows in size. It descends deeper, according to the character of the soil, sometimes as deep as two, or even four feet. It remains in this cell until the time has come for it to emerge to the surface, and finally comes forth in the chrysalis form, which is soon hardened by the atmosphere. It crawls on a fence, shrub, or tree, bursts open on the back, and the perfect insect appears.—*Lutheran Observer.*

REMEDIES FOR RUST AND MILDEW.

BY S. EDWARDS TODD.

Nature has furnished sovereign remedies for almost every defection in the cultivation of small fruits, pears and apples and cereal grain. Noxious insects which make ravages on grain, fruit and vegetables, may be headed off or exterminated in most instances with a little persevering labor, and thus save the crop. In some instances, insects that are injurious to vegetation, are so large and numerous that they cannot be repelled—they must be exterminated by physical force. The tent-caterpillars, for example, which are at this season of the year feeding on the leaves of fruit trees, must be destroyed by manual force. They cannot be repelled by offensive nostrums. Yet, by exercising proper watchfulness for a few years over fruit-trees, every worm may soon be exterminated. If every worm be crushed before it is allowed to deposit eggs for future brood, the fate of such intruders will soon be fixed. Not only the nests of worms should be destroyed, but the wandering interlopers which seem to be alone These are the ones that propagate their race by laying their eggs.

Touching mildew, rust, scab in fruit, cracks and all defections of this character there seems to be a complete remedy within the reach of every cultivator of the soil. Many pomologists contend that mildew of the grapevine is an *atmospheric* defection which cannot be cured.

Grapes require aluminum, potash and silica in great abundance. When the vines are supplied with these mineral fertilizers in suitable quantities, the fruit will suffer no injury from mildew. Clay furnishes aluminum in desired quantities; sand provides silica; marl and wood-ashes abound in potash, all of which are nature's sovereign remedies for fortifying growing plants against the insidious attacks of mildew, rust, and scab. Silica—sharp sand—and potash are the component parts of glass. The growing vines, grass, wheat, rye, and Indian corn, all require silica and potash for giving proper stiffness to the straw or stalks, and to cover the leaves and fruit with a glassy coat of mail which fortifies the delicate and tender parts from the attacks of atmospheric defections. The seeds of mildew and rust float in the air. If the leaves of grape-vines, the leaves and stems of wheat and oats are feeble, not having found in the soil the proper material to deposit on the surface of these parts of the growing plants, disease—mildew, rust, scab, and black knot—will seize upon those tender parts and destroy or injure the crop.

Here we have, then, nature's remedies which never fail. If the soil needs sand, pile on silica around the growing vines or trees, and mingle large quantities of wood-ashes with the surface soil. If the rough materials be applied, the operation of nature will appropriate them to the proper purpose of forming a coat of glass over the entire surface, which will resist mildew and rust. If clay be wanting. If the soil be composed chiefly of muck and light material—spread a dressing of the best clay that can be obtained around the trees, as far as the branches extend, and hoe it into the soil. The foregoing materials, in connection with some other fertilizers, will not fail to produce the desired result in developing bountiful crops.

The foregoing considerations will hold good, as a rule, under ordinary circumstances. If the example, fruit-trees or vines be planted in a cold and uncongenial soil, which, instead of being lively as an onion bed, is as heavy and clammy as putty in damp weather, or as hard as the beaten track of the highway in dry weather, the *first* remedy would be thorough underpraining. Standing water is poisonous to all fruit-trees, grape-vines, and growing plants of cereal grain.